

## COURT IS CROWDED

## INTENSE INTEREST TAKEN IN THE LEONARD MURDER TRIAL

Appellate Court Room Thronged with People, Including Many Ladies—Bloody Clothing Held Up to View—Evidence of the State Made Stronger in Regard to the Friendship Between Mrs. Leonard and Her Former Husband—Attorneys for Defense Not Harmonious in Their Methods—Chief of Police's Evidence.

The Durran trial at San Francisco or the Holmes trial at Philadelphia could not have been watched with a greater degree of interest or curiosity than was the preliminary hearing in the case of the state against Marion Williamson, his former wife Irena Williamson Leonard and their son Norville Williamson, yesterday.

According to the announcement the hearing was to have commenced at 9 o'clock, but Justice Jones and the attorneys for Mrs. Leonard were interested in a case in the district court which kept them there until after 10 o'clock.

As early as 8 o'clock the Appellate court room was crowded. The steam had just been turned on but the room being a large one and hard to heat the place was like an ice box until nearly 9 o'clock.

If the room had been as cold as the bleak hills of Greenland that crowd would have stayed there to hear the trial. They gathered around the railings and looked over the railing for a glimpse of the trial. The chilly atmosphere was warmed up.

The assemblage consisted of about one-fourth women and three-fourths men. There were women there who seemed to be hundred years old and men equally as ancient. One old man who wasn't a day short of ninety leaned over the railing all day long with his eyes glued on the court and witnesses. Inside the railing there was a row of ladies and this old man's head seemed to be sandwiched in between the shoulders of two good looking women although he stood on the outside of the railing himself.

He had long gray hair and as the testimony became exciting he swung those whiskers to the right and left to the great annoyance or at least embarrassment of the ladies. He was so excited that he would not let go of the railing. He had once too often for it got mixed up in the books and eyes of a lady's cape, and, doubtless, when she went home last night her husband questioned her about a tuff of gray hairs which she unaccountably took home on the shoulder of her cape. He was the queerest and most excited little old man one could wish to see and his little old pink eyes ought to be fixed on the great book of prophecy rather than on the actors in a criminal tragedy.

There was a little old woman back in the audience that must have been his mate in life. There wasn't a tooth in her head and hadn't been for twenty years and yet she was intensely interested in a murder trial. She was eternally quarreling with those in her neighborhood for crowding her and she frequently signified by a squeak, her disapproval of a squeezing that she might have enjoyed immensely about the time of the war of 1812.

Every seat in the court room was occupied and the aisles were crowded to suffocation, the jam extending a quarter of the width of the room from either side. This gave rise to a vigorous "down in front" demand from the seats. Constable Tom Voss was ordered to drive back the jam by the court but Tom was too mild mannered for such a heroic task and after a small effort gave it up.

Justice Jones promptly left the bench when the constable's efforts failed and went to the north gate where, by a tragic sweep of the hand, such as he uses in his hypnotic entertainments, he staggered the crowd backwards toward the wall. This magic influence was brought to bear on the crowd at the north gate with equally good results and the audience cheered approvingly. Two minutes after that there was tremendous rubbernecking at the door and the word was quietly sent around that the prisoners were coming. Nearly every one in the assemblage arose in their seats to see what they looked like. Irena Williamson Leonard was the first one observed. She was the only one noticed for a few minutes. She was dressed in dark clothing and wore a jaunty hat high up on her head that was ornamented with a few feathers that waved over it and to some extent indicated by their movements her feelings during the trial. The least twitch of the muscles is responded to by feathers worn on a hat like those worn and women who go into court and want to hide their feelings should not wear them.

She was sickly pale as she walked across the court room before the spectators and when she finally took her seat every pulsation of her heart was telegraphed to observers in the audience by the feathers on her hat which trembled very violently. No matter what the crime a woman may be in cannot help having a trace of sympathy for her on such an occasion.

There is always a tendency to say that a woman who does wrong or becomes notorious in a way that leads the crooked way is pretty. This has been said of Irena Williamson Leonard by sensationalists. The statement is absolutely groundless. Mrs. Leonard is not up to the average woman in beauty, on the contrary she is homely. She has neither good looks, education nor refinement.

Williamson was brought into court with his wife and their son also. It was a sad sight to see them and under still to think of a whole family in the tolls of the law with no future before them but one of gloom. There is no sympathy for them however, for they do not deserve sympathy from what is known as to the crime.

Williamson when first brought in seemed to be indifferent, but as the examination progressed it was plain that the proceedings had their effect on him. John D. Davis, county attorney representing the state, S. B. Amidon representing Mrs. Leonard and Nor-

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## FOUND HIS FATHER

## O. P. HICKLIN FINDS HIS PARENT AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS.

At the Death of His Mother, the Well-Known Wichita Groceryman was Adopted by a Schoolmate of His Mother and Until Twenty-One Years of Age, the Boy was in Ignorance of His Birth—Father Re-Enlists but on His Return from the Army Fails to Find the People Who Adopted the Children.

O. P. Hicklin, who has been engaged for the past two years in the grocery business at the Occidental grocery, was a surprised man yesterday.

The cause of his surprise was by receiving a letter from his father whom he had not seen since his mother's death and was not aware that he had a natural parent living. The cause of this was explained by Mr. Hicklin as follows yesterday to an Eagle reporter:

In August, 1891, my father, who was named John Jones, enlisted in the 96th Illinois regiment and went to the army. In July, 1892, my father returned home and I am informed and was there at the time of my birth. My mother never arose from her bed, but died a few days after my birth. Before her death she requested Mrs. Hicklin, who was her school mate, to adopt me. Father and Mother Hicklin are now living on their farm in Kansas. I have a sister, and although I know that the letter that I hold in my hand was written by my father, I can hardly realize the fact. Mr. and Mrs. Hicklin have been a true father and mother to me.

"I grew up in perfect ignorance of the fact that I was anything else than their own son, and was never made aware of the change until after I was 21 years of age. Mother Hicklin says that she often thought that she would tell me the truth, but when it came to the task of telling me that she and Father Hicklin were not my father and mother she would shrink from the task."

"This was made easy from the fact that in the fall of 1892 we moved to Colorado, and no one there knew anything different concerning the family history. At the time of my mother's death I had a sister who was adopted by a family by the name of Carr. Never did two children fall in better hands than we did. My sister remained near the old home was made aware of the true state of affairs when about 12 years of age, but she dearly loved Mr. and Mrs. Carr as though they were her real father and mother."

"It seems that after my mother's death, the family being broken up, Father Hunt re-enlisted in the army and served until July, 1895. He had made a firm promise to both Mr. Carr and Mr. Hicklin that he would not claim us children after they had grown attached to us."

"After the war it appears that Father Hunt returned to the old home, but as both Mr. Carr and Mr. Hicklin had moved away, he could find nothing of us, and finally drifted to Texas."

"I was speaking of the matter one day to an old soldier and said that I had a right to join the Sons of Veterans, and related him my story. He was more than interested as he knew my father well, having served in the army with him for over four years. He said that there never was a braver or better soldier than my father, and that he would never rest until he had found him, if living, or knew where he was buried."

"He referred me to Ezra E. Beard, who was in the postoffice, and we engaged him to walk together. He wrote to the adjutant general of Illinois and received in return a full war record of Father Hunt. (You see I have two fathers and I distinguish them by calling the first one 'Dad' and the second one 'Pa'. He then wrote to the pension department and learned that my father was drawing a pension at Desdemonia, Eastland county, Tex. He addressed a letter there and received the following reply, which I would not take a good many dollars for. It is the first letter a son over 23 years of age received from his father. The letter reads:

"Desdemonia, Eastland Co., Texas, Nov. 18, 1895.  
"Ezra E. Beard—Dear Sir and comrade: Yours of Nov. 4 to hand and contents duly noted, and would say I am the man who came in Co. K, 9th Illinois regiment, August, '61, and served to July, '65, and when I came home Mr. Hicklin left the country and I've been trying ever since to find his whereabouts. Hicklin left me with a child of mine, Oliver Perry Hunt. An early reply is earnestly requested. Yours very truly,  
JOHN HUNT."

Address, John Hunt, Desdemonia, Eastland Co., Texas.  
"I have not received an answer yet from the letter which I wrote father, but when I do I will show it to you. I expect his story will be more interesting even than mine."

"Two years ago I visited my sister who is now married and has a nice family. She married a man named Higdon. You could tell this with a reunion it was. Just think, we parted at mother's grave over thirty years ago."

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## HE LOSES HIS HAY

## MIKE STANTON MOURNS THE LOSS OF HIS SUMMER'S WORK.

Boys Accidentally Set Fire to Two of His Hay Stacks, and in a Few Minutes it is in Ashes—Mr. Stanton Had Built Bright Air Castles Concerning the Profits He Would Realize, but when the Word was Brought to Him of His Loss He Wants the Legislature to Meet in Special Session and Pass New Laws.

To say that Mike Stanton was not last night does not express it. He was simply boiling.

The reason for Mike's rage can better be understood by remembering how eloquently Mike would lecture the young men of last summer about making hay while the sun shines. He would point to the market quotations of hay upon the eastern market. He carried every pocket full of clippings he could take from the newspapers referring to the scarcity of hay in the east.

"There will be a market for every speck of hay raised in Kansas," he would say. To show that he believed the truth of his prediction he left the store last summer and went out in the morning and worked hard until he had cured and safely stacked over 100 tons of nice hay.

"The market will raise, and I have my hay so it will keep, and will wait for an advance," he said to a friend yesterday. But last night all was changed. During the afternoon some boys were out hunting in the neighborhood where stood Mr. Stanton's hay. The boys became hungry and concluded to roast some of their game. This was done, but by some means the fire broke out and was communicated to two large racks of the finest hay that was ever cured, and before help could arrive over forty tons of Mr. Stanton's hay was in ashes.

"Just to think, after all my hard work I am compelled to lose over \$200 all because of a pesky jack rabbit. I had made big calculations upon that hay but now it is gone. I never was in favor of compulsory education before, but now I am in favor of compelling every kid attend school, and passing a law allowing a man to shoot every one between the age of 10 and 20 found running at large during school hours. Something must be done with either the jack rabbit or the kids, or we will be burned out of house and home. My poor back aches yet from putting up that hay, but now it is all ashes."

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Solo—"A Warrior Bold".....Adams.  
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Piano Solo—".....Selected  
Miss Lynell.  
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